Choice Books of Elizabethan-Jacobean Pocts.

PRIVATE AND LIMITED IMPRESSIONS.

NOTICE.

HE REV. DR. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, BROOKLYN HOUSE, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE, as explained in former Circulars, soon found it expedient to postpone his announced "Puck Library" until the Huth Library and his new editions of the complete Works in Verse and Prose of EDMUND SPENSER and SAMUEL DANIEL, were more advanced. He is extremely grateful for the swift and cordial response to his prospectus and proposals in respect of the "Puck Library," and (Deo volente) he shall duly enter upon it, and he believes produce a new series worthy to range with his Fuller Worthies' Library (39 vols.), Chertsey Worthies' Library (14 vols.), Occasional Issues of Unique and Rare Books (17 vols.), and the Huth Library (40 vols.), and Spenser and Daniel. Meantime, it is no common satisfaction to him that the Huth Library has gone on in its bi-monthly issue without a single break and only one delay of a few weeks, and that now the entire works of Robert Greene (14 vols.), Gabriel Harvey (3 vols.), Thomas Nashe (6 vols.), Thomas Dekker (5 vols.), will be completed within 1885-6, as also Spenser (vol. x.—Glossarial Index, including Notes and Illustrations of words, things, etc., etc.), and Samuel Daniel (4

vols.).

With his hands thus so-far freed, Dr. Grosart is disposed again occasionally to issue a short series of 14 volumes, embracing certain of his prior books (that are 'out of print' and not obtainable), with others often asked for. Accordingly there will be found annexed, full details on this contemporaneous Series of our rarest poetical literature. The books will be as handsome as the most fastidious book-lover could desire (in demy 8vo), whilst the few large paper (4to) will be de luxe and comparable with his other large-paper issues. The printing will be the best of Messrs. Charles Simms & Co., who produced Dr. Grosart's "Occasional Issues," "Townley MSS.," etc., etc., and the works of the Chetham and Spenser Societies; the paper will be all Dutch hand-made and in character with the books, while the binding of both will be in keeping. The prices are below what are charged for inferior books published in thousands. As hitherto, these 14 volumes will be all subscribed for before going to press, so that speedily they will not be obtainable. Dr. Grosart begs respectfully to request that the detached order-form be filled up, signed, and returned to him at above address. He hopes that his work in past years on our poetical and other literature, will be accepted as a pledge that "no pains" will be spared on the present 14 volumes. The Hand-List of his privately-printed and limited Books gives full details; also his Abbreviated Notes, of such as are still obtainable. Where either of these Lists (not accompanying the present) is desired, it shall be forwarded on request. Dr. Grosart should like to complete these 14 vols. within three years, or thereby, and in one or two volumes at a time, as may be found convenient.

*** Dr. Grosart avails himself of the present opportunity to request all lovers of the Poet of Poets, to favour him with their co-operative help in making the Glossarial Index (including Notes and Illustrations of every word, name and thing in Spenser's Works) as complete and perfect as may be. He is hard-at-work in getting and arranging his materials, and is cheered by the willing-hood of those associated with him in the great task. But he has a conviction that many individuals may have single or a few notes on particular points; and he is anxious to gain these. Dr. Grosart is desirous to make vol. x. of his Spenser, such a body of Spenserian annotation, exegesis, criticism and illustration as may range it (if not higher) on a level with Dyce's "Glossary to Shakespeare." As matter-of-course authority or authorities for any "Note" must be given; and due acknowledgement will be made of any contribution whatever.



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I.—NICHOLAS BRETON. 1 vol., demy 8vo (200 copies), at 8s. 6d.; post 4to (52 copies), 13s. 6d.

Introduction and Notes and Illustrations.

(a) MELANCHOLIKE HUMOURS. IN VERSES OF DIVERSE NATURES: 1600.

- I. In authorem By Ben Jonson.
- 2. See and say nothing.
- 3. What is hell?
- 4. Mal Content.
- 5. A Dolefull Passion.
- 6. A Testament vpon the Passion.
- 7. A Fantasticke Solemne Humour.
- 8. A Brief of Sorrowe.
- 9. A Solemne Fancie.
- 10. A Solemne Sonnet.
- II. An extreme Paffion.
- 12. A Solemne farewell to the world.
- 13. A Solemne Conceipt.
- 14. A Straunge A. B. C.
- 15. Fie on Pride.
- 16. A Farewell to Loue.

- 17. A Jeasting Curse.
- 18. A Solemne Joie.
- 19. A Displeasure against Loue.
- 20. A Farewell to Conceipt.
- 21. An unhappy, Solemne, jeasting curse.
- 22. A Quarrel with Loue.
- 23. A Wish in Vaine.
- 24. A conceipt upon an Eagle and a Phœnix.
- 25. A conceiled fancie.
- 26. A Simile misconstrued.
- 27. An odd humour.
- 28. A Waggery.
- 29. An Odd Conceipt.
- 30. A Dolefull Fancy.
- 31. An Epitaph upon Poet Spenser.
- (b) The Passionate Shepheard or The Shepheardes Loue: set downe in Passions to his Shepheardesse Aglaia. With many excellent conceited Poems and pleasant Sonnets, fit for young heads to passe away idle houres: 1604.
 - I. Three Pastorals.
 - 2. A Solemne long enduring Passion (Pastorals 4 and 5).
 - 3. Sundry sweet Sonnets and Passionate Poems.
 - (I) A Farewell to the World and the pleasures thereof.
 - (2) The description and praise of his fairest Loue (7 pieces).
 - (3) Declaration (4 pieces).

With Additions from "Pansies and Daffodils," &c.

The two massive volumes (4to) of the complete Works of Nicholas Breton (Chertsey Worthies' Library) have been recognized by the highest critical authorities as one of the most important and varied contributions to our accessible Elizabethan-Jacobean literature, of recent times. The

task was an immense one, but abundant has been its reward. The first of the two poetical collections of this "Sweet Singer" is perhaps as finely representative of his faculty as any, being quaint, rich, pathetic and musical. The second, Professor Gosse must be allowed to characterize, as indeed it is in response to his appeal that the present revival is undertaken—"The name of Breton has been vaguely mentioned as that of a rustic poet by most writers on English verse, but it is grave matter for doubt whether any of them have deeply studied his claims to this title. Until his rare and scattered volumes were collected in 1879, by the editor of these volumes, Breton was practically only known by his beautiful contributions to England's Helicon. It was on the reputation of

"In the merry month of May In a morn by break of day."

or still more charming, the Sweet Pastoral,

"Good Muse, rock me to sleep,
With some sweet Harmonie;
This weary eye is not to keep
Thy wary company."

that the name of Breton was preserved in the history of literature. It was, perhaps natural, that it should be taken for granted that all his voluminous poetry was written in the same style. But we now find that he had been publishing poetry for more than forty years before he so far gave way to the prevalent Jacobean taste as to print a pastoral volume. The Passionate Shepherd, which is only known to exist in a single exemplar, appeared in 1604, and is for the first time laid open to the public in Dr. Grosart's complete collection of the works in the Chertsey Worthies' Library. It proves to be an exquisite production, in my opinion distinctly the jewel of the author's repertory, and it gives Breton so high a place among bucolic writers, that I am fain to dwell upon it for a moment. . . . The book consists of four lyrical "passions" to the Shepherdess Aglaia, and of eleven "sweet sonnets," which are not sonnets at all. The "passions" are written in octosyllabic verse, so fresh and light and leaping, that the sound of them is like the bubble of a rivulet descending a sunny meadow. The knowledge of English landscape displayed, the gracious unaffected manner of its features, and the joyous laughing air of the speaker, are so delightful, and even in that rich age so rare, that we cannot but wish that this exquisite little volume might be presented to the general public." (Essay on English Pastoral Poetry in Dr. Grosart's Spenser, vol. iii. pp. 26-9). Our selection from Breton will—it is certain—prove a "thing of beauty and a joy for ever" to those who have not hitherto known him, and be welcome to his admirers, detached from the vast body of his Works.

II. BARNABE BARNES. 2 vols. demy 8vo (as before), 13s. 6d. per vol.; post 4to (as before), 21s. per vol.

Introduction and Notes and Illustrations.

- (a) Parthenophil and Parthenophe. Sonnets, Madrigals, Egloges and Odes. 1593.
- (b) A Divine Centvrie of Spirituall Sonnets. 1595.
- (c) The Devils Charter, a Tragedie conteining the Life and Death of Pope Alexander the Sext, as it was plaide before the King's Majestie upon Candlemasse night last, corrected and augmented since by the author. 1607. . . .

When in 1875 I reproduced from the still unique exemplar (by the kind permission of his grace the Duke of Devonshire) "Parthenophil and Parthenophe," it came with an almost bewildering shock of surprise upon the foremost of our literary men. The freshness, brightness, exquisiteness and memorableness, and variety of imaginative-poetic faculty and art, were a revelation. Since its issue they have gone far and wide, e.g., Main's great collection of Sonnets has made Barnes widely known. There followed my similar reproduction of his "Divine Centvrie of Spirituall Sonnets." The two together formed a considerable quarto volume; and on its rare chance-occurence has brought as high as twelve guineas, as compared with three guineas its subscription cost. fortunately the impression was limited to 30 copies. A new edition was intended long ere this, but circumstances first delayed it and ultimately postponed it indefinitely. In the interval Mr. Edward Arber included a modernized reprint of the one moiety of "Parthenophil and Parthenophe," in his miscellany yclept "The English Garner." Unhappilly it can't be got by itself, over and above modernization rendering it of no critical value.

I purpose not only to reproduce "Parthenophil and Parthenophe" and "A Divine Cenvtrie of Spiritual Sonnets" in fulness and integrity,

but to add the remarkable, very remarkable, tragedy of "The Devil's Charter," and so to give the complete poetical works of Barnabe Barnes.

That those who do not know Barnes may judge of the treasure-trove of his Poetry, let these speak, — the first a prelude of Burns's immortal 'cry'—

"Had we never loved sae kindly, Had we never loved sae blindly, Never met, or never parted, We had neer been broken-hearted."

Oh that I had no hart, as I have none (For thou my hartes full spirite hast possessed,) Then should myne argument be not of mone, Then under Love's yoke should I not be pressed: Oh that without myne eyes I had been borne, Then had I not my mistresse bewtie vewed, Then had I never been so farr forlorne, Then had I never wept, then never rewed: Oh that I never had been borne at all, Or beeing, had been borne of shepheardes broode, Then should I not in such mischances fall, Quyet my water and content my foode: But now disquieted, and still tormented, With adverse fate perforce must rest contented.

Next, one of his "Spirituall Sonnets"-

The Worldes bright comforter (whose beamesome light Poore creatures cheereth) mounting from the deepe, Her course doth in prefixed compasse keepe, And as couragious Gyant takes delight

To runne his race, and exercise his might,
Till low downe galloping the mountaynes steepe,
Cleere Hesperus, smoothe messenger of Sleepe,
Views; and the silver ornament of night,
Foorth brings, with starres past number in her trayne:
All which with Sunnes long borrowed splendour shine.
The Seas (with full tyde swelling) ebbe agayne;
All yeeres to their olde quarters newe resigne;
The windes forsake their mountayne-chambers wilde,
And all in all thinges with God's vertue filde.

Finally — take two bits from the wonderful "Madrigalls"—
Phœbus, rich father of eternal light,
And in his hand a wreath of Heliochrise [heliotrope]
He brought to bewtifie those tresses:
Whose trayne, whose softnesse, and whose glosse more bright

Apolloes lockes did ouerprise:
Thus with this gyrland, whiles her browes he blesses,
The golden shadow, with his tincture
Colour'd her lockes, I guilded with the cyncture.
Thus, as she was 'bove human glorie graced,
The saint methought departed,
And suddenly vpon her feete she started.

Then this 'passion' and rapture -

— Ah let my lippes be pressed,
And with continuall kisses
Powre everlasting spirite to my life;
So shall I allwayes liue, so still be blessed:
Kisse still, and make no misses,
Double redouble kisses,
Murmure affections, warre in pleasing strife:
Presse lippes, lippes rest oppressed.

III.—ALCILIA PHILOPARTHEN'S LOUING FOLLIE. 1595. From the unique exemplar in the Town Library, Hamburg. 1 vol. demy 8vo (as before), 8s. 6d.; post 4to (as before), 13s. 6d.

Introduction and Notes and Illustrations.

My fifty-one copies of this priceless and before (practically) unknown volume of Poetry were snapped up *instanter*. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, in his "Studies in Song," thus greeted it and me:

THE RESURRECTION OF ALCILIA.

(Gratefully inscribed to Dr. A. B. Grosart.)

Sweet song-flower of the Mayspring of our song,
Be welcome to us, with loving thanks and praise
To his good hand who travelling on strange ways
Found thee forlorn and fragrant, lain along
Beneath dead leaves that many a winter's wrong
Had rained and heaped through nigh three centuries maze
Above thy Maybloom, hiding from our gaze
The life that in thy leaves lay sweet and strong.
For thine have life, while many above thine head
Piled by the wind lie blossomless and dead.
So now disburdened of such load above
That lay as death's own dust upon thee shed
By days too deaf to hear thee like a dove
Murmuring, we hear thee, bird and flower of love.

Of scarcely any of my "Occasional Issues" have I had so many fruitless enquiries. It will now go forth to a wider circle.

IV.— HUMFREY GIFFORD'S "POSIE OF GILLOFLOWERS, ECHE DIFFERING FROM OTHER IN COLOUR AND ODOUR, YET ALL SWEETE. 1580.

I vol. demy 8vo (as before), 13s. 6d.; post 4to (as before), 21s.

Introduction and Notes and Illustrations.

First in my Fuller Worthies' Library Miscellanies, and again in my "Occasional Issues," it was my privilege to re-introduce this old maker to the literary world. The limit of 40 copies to the latter edition once more put it "out of print" immediately. Ever since, I have contemplated a reproduction. In the "Occasional Issues" I gave the entire volume of prose translations, as well as the "Posie." It was done in order to place the book beyond the hazards of its solitary exemplar, but now I limit myself to the "Posie." Very notable is that Poetry. The most so, is an impassioned address "For a Gentlewoman"; and there is this extrinsic about it, that if it have not the finish and strength of Lord Tennyson's Lady Clara Vere de Vere, its burden and the movement of its measure, recall (in my judgment) the later Singer, in the quaintest way possible. Let the Reader judge. Here is the Laureate:

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Of me you shall not win renown:
You thought to break a country heart
For pastime, as you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare and I retired:
The daughter of a hundred Earls,
You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to hear your name;
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whom I came.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake
A heart that dotes on truer charms.
A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats of arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find,
For were you queen of all that is
I could not stoop to such a mind,

You sought to prove how I could love,
And my disdain is my reply.
The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I.

Now for Gifford — fragments from several : —

Like as a forte or fenced towne,
By foes assault that lies in field,
When bulwarks are all beaten downe,
Is by perforce constraynde to yeelde:
So I that could no while withstand,
The battery of your pleasant loue,
The flagge of truce tooke in my hande,
And meant your mercy for to proue.

My foolish fancie did enforce
Me first to like your friendly sute,
While your demannds bred such remorce,
That I could not the same refute.
I bad you take with free consent,
All that which true pretence might craue,
And you remaynde as one content,
The thing obtayned that you would hauc.

Such friendly lookes and countenance fayre,
You freely then to me profest,
As if all truth that euer were,
Had hallowed been within your brest.
And I which saw such perfect shewes,
Of fraudlesse fayth in you appeare,
Did yeelde myselfe to Cupid's Lawes,
And shewed likewise a merrie cheere.

No loving toys I did withholde,
And no suspect did make me doubt,
Till your demeanoure did vnfolde
The wilie traines ye went about.
Who sees a ruinous house to fall,
And will not shift to get him thence;
When limmes be caught, and broken all,
Is then too late to make defence.

Elswhere goe play the cosoning mate,
I am not now to go to schoole;
But clearely doe at length discerne,
The marke to which your bow is bent;
And these examples shall me warne,
What harme they have that late repent.

Your sugred speech was but a baite, Wherewith to bleare my simple eyes. And vnder them did lurke deceipt, As poison vnder hony lies. Wherefore since now your drift is known, Go set your staule some other where: I may not so be ouerthrowne, Your double dealings make me feare. When steede by theeues is stolne away, I will not then the doore locke fast. Wherefore depart without delay, Your words are wind, your suite is waste. And this shall be the final doome. That I to your request will give: Your love in me shall have no roome, While life and breath shall make me liue.

Without italics or other emphasis, if the Thinker read attentively and listeningly, he will be sure to catch the note of the more splendid afterlyric. Other of the flowers of the "Posie" seem to me to have been transplanted into the garden of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, or to write unmetaphorically, I recognize the first putting into words of that meditative melancholy — not without flashes of wrath — which runs through the great 84th sonnet of "Cœlica," and its associate, Sir Edward Dyer's "Fancy." Let comparison be made between these and "A Dolefull Dumpe." Very fine in its step and march is the summons "For Souldiers," written—be it remembered—when the air was full of rumours of the invasion of the Spaniard that a few years later culminated in the Armada. The measure is peculiar but resonant, and the appeal thrilling as a trumpet. A "Merry Jest" was the undoubted prototype of "John Gilpin." Substance and structure and turns of wording inevitably remind of the "famous ride." There is the same naivete, the same under-play of quiet humour, and the same simple words. The "Pleasant Jest" and others, are in the same vein. His "New Yeere's Gift" recalls to us one of Burns's most intricate measures. Throughout, words and phrasing give Shakespearean illustrations. Altogether it is more than time that Humfrey Gifford were better known.

V. RICHARD BARNFIELD. I vol. demy 8vo (as before), 8s. 6d.; post 4to (as before), 13s. 6d.

Introduction and Notes and Illustrations.

My complete collection for the ROXBURGHE CLUB (1876) of the Poems of Barnfield (40 copies or so) is a monumental one. It seemed due to his memory to give—once for all—everything of him that could be got at. Accordingly no effort was spared either in substance or in the way in which the volume was presented. My present purpose is to leave access to his elaborate and somewhat lifeless mythological-historic poems through the Roxburghe Club tome, and to limit myself to the "imperishable stuff" of his inspired Poems, viz.:

- (a) Cynthia, with Certaine Sonnets 1595.
- (b) Poems in Divers Humors. 1598.

The former includes his inestimable Sonnet and ode, "Nights were short and days were long"; the latter "If Musique and sweet Poetrie agree," and the Ode so long mis-assigned to Shakespeare, and not unworthy of even him—

"As it fell vpon a day."

This will be a charming volume.

VI.— HENRY VAUGHAN THE SILURIST: 3 vols. demy 8vo (as before), 10s. 6d. per vol.; post 4to (as before), 21s. per vol.

Vaughan knows Nature much better [than Herbert]. Herbert has no feeling for anything but the sweetness of flowers and sunshine, Vaughan feels the awe of the freshness of morning among the Welsh mountains. It is in morning that he meets God. The sanctity and insight of childhood are more to him than even to Wordsworth. —G. A. SIMCOX.

When in 1871, in the Fuller Worthies' Library I—for the first time—reproduced the complete Works in Verse and Prose of Henry Vaughan (4 vols.), it was my privilege to receive letters of gratitude from all quarters, as well foreign as home. Previous to my onerous undertaking, the little volume of a part of his sacred poetry known as "Silex Scintillans," was all that was accessible; and though unquestionably it contains some

of his finest work, it by no means exhausts his finest work. Iscanus," his "Thalia Rediviva," his "Folia Silvulæ," his "Poems, with the Tenth Satyre of Juvenal Englished," and his scattered pieces, "Aurea Grana," were recognised as having the same mint-mark of original genius and uniqueness of thought, emotion and expression. The collection came as a "new thing" to many; foremost among whom to express the service rendered have been Welshmen, as represented by Lewis Morris, whilst others, as the late Dante G. Rossetti, and the living Algernon C. Swinburne, have repeatedly extolled my 'labour of love.' Since, no Anthology or literary-critical work has failed to profit by my full collection,—not as hitherto, giving but two or three stock quotations. Our contention that Henry Vaughan stands on a much loftier level than George Herbert has been accepted. Increasing study satisfies me that any comparison is almost grotesque, so much stronger, wider, larger, firmer, and more vividly imaginative is he than the "sweet Singer" of "The Temple." In quality he is to be ranged rather with Richard Crashaw earlier and Shelley later, with a distinctive solidity and sanity of utterance not always found in either of them.

The Prose I do not mean to reprint. With all its merits—and they are noticeable—it seems sufficient to have furnished it once (as vols. iii. and iv. of the Works). But it has been made plain to me that a worthy and beautiful new edition of this remarkable Poetry is a necessity. I hope to satisfy the uttermost requirements, the most exacting expectations; and I rejoice to be able to announce that in various ways the new edition will be improved through Welsh help, especially in clearing up obscure initials and allusions. I have the greater satisfaction in this because of my severe (perhaps over-severe) condemnation of Welshmen for their neglect of this their divinest Singer. I shall right gladly now delete my condemnation and can only make my 'Apology' (in the early sense) by pleading my sorrow at such neglect. I shall re-collate every word, and otherwise the books will be an advance on my former local and somewhat inadequate printing.

The following is the intended arrangement:-

Vol. I.

I. — Memoir: based on original researches.

II.—Sacred Poems: Silex Scintillans or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. 1650-54.

1. Fac-simile of engraved title-page.

2. Authoris (de se) Emblema.

3. Translation by the Editor.

4. The Author's Preface.

5. Verse-dedication to Jesus Christ.

6. ¶ "Vain wits and eyes."

7. Regeneration.

8. Death: a Dialogue.

9. Resurrection and Immortality.

10. Day of Judgement.

11. Religion.

12. The Search.

13. Isaac's Marriage.

14. The British Church.

15. The Lamp.

16. Mary's Faith and Recovery.

17. The Showre.

18. Distraction.

19. The Pursuite.

20. The Mount of Olives.

21. The Incarnation and Passion.

22. The Call.

23. Early taken.

24. Vanity of Spirit.

25. The Retreate.

26. Yearning.

27. Midnight.

28. Content.

29. Saints as Stars.

30. The Storm.

31. The Morning Watch.

32. The Evening Watch.

33. Bereavement.

34. Church Service.

35. Buriall.

36. Chearfulnesse.

37. Far off.

38. Peace.

39. The Passion.

40. Romans c. viii. 19.

41. The Relapse.

42. The Resolve.

43. The Match.

44. Rules and Lessons.

45. Corruption.

46. Holy Scripture.

47. Unprofitableness.

48. Christ's Nativity.

49. The Check.

50. Disorder and Frailty.

51. Idle Verse.

52. Son-dayes.

53. Repentance.

54. The Burial of an Infant.

55. Faith.

56. The Dawning.

57. Admission.

58. Praise.

59. Dressing.

60. Easter-day.

61. Easter Hymn.

62. The Holy Communion.

63. Psalm cxxi.

64. Affliction.

65. The Tempest.

66. Retirement.

67. Love and Discipline.

68. The Pilgrimage.

69. The Law and Gospel.

70. The World.

71. The Mutinie.

72. The Constellation.

73. The Shepheard.

74. Musing.

75. The Sap.

76. Mount of Olives.

77. Man.

78. Hidden.

79. Begging.

80. Ascension-day.

81. Ascension Hymn.

82. Beyond the Veil.

83. White Sunday.

84. The Proffer.

85. Cock-crowing.

86. The Starre.

87. The Palm Tree.

88. Joy.

89. The Favour.

90. The Garland.

91. Love-sick.

92. Trinity Sunday.

93. Psalm civ.

94. The Bud.

95.	The Timber.	116.	The Night.
96.	The Jews.	117.	Abel's Blood.
97.	Begging.	118.	Righteousness.
98.	Palm-Sunday.	119.	Anguish.
99.	Jesus Weeping.	120.	Tears.
100.	The Daughter of Herodias.	121.	Jacob's Pillow and Pillar.
IOI.	Jesus Weeping.	122.	The Agreement.
102.	Providence.	123.	The Day of Judgment.
103.	The Bud.	124.	Psalm lvi.
104.	The Ornament.	125.	The Throne.
105.	St. Mary Magdalen.	126.	Death.
106.	The Rainbow.	127.	The Feast.
107.	The Seed growing secretly.	128.	The Obsequies.
108.	Mourning for the Young Dead.	129.	The Water-Fall.
109.	Religion.	130.	Quickness.
IIO.	The Stone.	131.	The Wreath.
III.	The dwelling-place.	132.	The Queer.
112.	The Men of War.	133.	The Bark.
113.	The Ass.	134.	To the Holy Bible.
114.	The Hidden Treasure.	135.	L'Envoy.
115.	Childe-hood,		

III. - Sacred Poems from Thalia Rediviva: the Pass-times and Diversions of a Country Muse. 1678.

I.	To his Books.	9.	The	Day-Spring.
2.	Looking Back.	10.	The	Recovery.
3.	The Shower.	II.	The	Nativity.
4.	Discipline.	12.	The	True Christmas.
5.	The Eclipse.	13.	The	Request.
6.	Affliction.	14.	The	World.
7.	Retirement.	15.	The	Bee.
8.	The Revival.	16.	The	Christian Religion.

Notes and Illustrations.

Vol. II.

Essay on the Life and Writings of Henry Vaughan. Secular Poetry. I. - Poems with the Tenth Satyre of Juvenal Englished. 1646.

- 1. To the ingenious Louers of Poesie.
- 2. To my ingenuous friend R. W.
- 3. Les Amours.
- 4. To Amoret. The Sigh.
- 5. To his friend, being in loue.6. Song.
- 7. To Amoret. Walking on a Starry Evening.

- 8. To Amoret. Gone from Home.
- 9. A Song to Amoret.
- 10. An Elegy.
- II. A Rhapsodie at Globe Taverne.
- 12. To Amoret: of the difference 'twixt him and other louers and what true loue is.
- 13. To Amoret weeping.
- 14. Upon the Priorie Grove his usuall retyrement.
- 15. Juvenal's Tenth Satyre translated.

II.—Olor Iscanus: Select Poems and Translations. 1651.

- 1. Fac-simile of engraved title-page.
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In the Fuller Worthies' Library (1869), I was the first to revive the Poems of this renowned brother of the still more renowned FRANCIS

BEAUMONT. None of this Series has been more in demand from far and near. Having long gone "out of print," I feel that he ought to be made more accessible. In every way his Poems are remarkable. In the relatively small body of the religious poetry of England, his "Sacred Poems" hold a distinct and preeminent place. Below, I give a single short example. The following are the intended contents:

- 1. Preliminary tributes by Nevill, Hawkins, Sir John and Francis Beaumont, Fortescue, Ben Jonson, Drayton, King, and Ia. Cl.
 - 2. Bosworth Field.
 - 3. Sacred Poems.
 - (1) Vpon the two great Feasts of the Annunciation and Resurrection.
 - (2) Of the Epiphany
 - (3) Of the transfiguration of our Lord.
 - (4) On Ascension Day.
 - (5) An Ode to the Blessed Trinity.
 - (6) Dialogue betweene the World, Pilgrime and Vertue.
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 - (13) Of the miserable state of man.
 - (14) Of Sicknesse.
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 - (18) A description of Loue.
 - (19) An expression of Sibyll's Acrosticks.
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 - 5. Elegiac-memorials of Worthies (17).
 - 6. Translations (10).
 - 7. Metamorphosis of Tobacco.
 - 8. Appendix of Poems by Sir John Beaumont, son of the Poet.

Of his "Sacred Poems," I select "Of the Epiphany;" which is a lovely poem and becomes lovelier the more it is brooded over.

"Faire Easterne starre, that art ordain'd to runne Before the sages, to the rising Sunne; Heare cease thy course, and wonder that the cloud Of this poore stable can thy Master shroud: Ye heavenly bodies, glory to be bright, And are esteem'd, as ye are rich in light: But here on Earth is taught a diff'rent way, Since vnder this low roofe the Highest lay; Ierusalem erects her stately towres, Displayes her windowes, and adornes her bowres: Yet there thou must not cast a trembling sparke: Let Herod's palace still continue dark: Each school and synagogue thy force repels, There Pride enthron'd in misty errours, dwels. The temple, where the priests maintaine their quire, Shall taste no beame of thy celestial fire; While this weake cottage all thy splendour takes, A joyful gate of eu'ry chink it makes. Here shines no golden roof, no iv'ry staire, No king exalted in a stately chaire, Girt with attendants, or by heralds styl'd. But straw and hay inwrap a speechlesse child; Yet Sabœ's lords before this Babe vnfold Their treasures, off'ring incense, myrrh and gold: The cribbe becomes an altar; therefore dies No oxe nor sheepe; for in their fodder lies The Prince of Peace, who thankfull for His bed, Destroyes those rites, in which their blood was shed: The quintessence of earth He takes and fees, And precious gummes distill'd from weeping trees: Rich metals and sweet odours now declare The glorious blessings, which His lawes prepare To cleare vs from the base and lothsome flood Of sinne, and make vs fit for angels' food; Who lift to God for vs the holy smoke Of feruent prayers, with which we Him inuoke, And trie our actions in that searching fire By which the seraphims our lips inspire: No muddy dross pure min'ralls shall infect, We shall exhale our vapours vp direct: No stormes shall crosse, nor glitt'ring lights deface, Perpetvall sighes, which seeke a happy place.

Fitting was it that Wordsworth should have paid his homage to such a Poet.

VIII.—The Poetry as distinct from the Verse of GEORGE WITHER. 3 vols. demy 8vo. (as before), 13s. 6d.; post 4to. (as before), 21s. per vol.

Introduction and Notes and Illustrations.

Wither resembles WORDSWORTH in having written almost all his good work within a period of a few years. The enthusiasm with which he threw himself into

politics damaged his genius. His nature was not large enough to pour itself with equal power into the two channels of art and political life. He became an eager partisan and sectary, retaining the moral elevation and dignity which ever honourably distinguishes him, but losing all sense of form and measure, perhaps indeed deliberately neglecting them as things indifferent. In 1615 he wrote, in conjunction with WILLIAM BROWNE—a born artist if ever there was one—the SHEPHERD'S PIPE. His own SHEPHERD'S HUNTING, which he wrote in prison, and which contains, perhaps, his very best work, appeared in the same year. HALLELUJAH (1641) shows that great part of his old power still survives. The versification is flexible and musical in a very high degree, clothing the thought sometimes, as in the poem on ALL SAINTS' DAY, in a form of subtle beauty and strangeness; in other poems, as in the verses FOR THOSE AT SEA, moving with a grand lilt and rapidity, which fitly symbolize the theme. The verses on A DEAR FRIEND DECEASED are of exquisite tenderness and beauty. They are written from the heart and to the heart, and affect us as they must have affected the writer himself. Wither has the same rare power of pathos that was possessed also by his friend Browne. . . . Wither is a Poet who is certainly much less known than he deserves to be. BRAITHWAITE wrote in 1615-

> "And long may England's Thespian springs be known By lovely Wither and by bonny Browne,"

But the wish has hardly been fulfilled, and there are few readers who would not be a little surprised by the epithet here applied to the Puritan poet. No real lover of poetry will, however, grudge it him. He is one of the few masters of octosyllabic verse in our language. Lamb has dwelt lovingly on its curious felicities, and for compass and variety it would not be easy to name its superior. . . . But it is not only for beauty of poetic form that Wither deserved Braithwaite's enthusiastic epithet. Like the Charmides of Plato's dialogue, he has "what is much more important, a beautiful soul." Never was there a purer or more honourable spirit, or one which kept closer to the best it knew, and as Wither has revealed himself in his works in a way in which few poets have done, it is natural to read him not only with admiration but with sympathy.—W. T. Arnold.

The chaotic voluminousness of the Works of WITHER, together with the polemic character of many of them, and the complacent ignorance alike of the man and of his books, by so-called Historians and Critics of our national literature, have united to hide his genuine poetical gift in his earlier years. The late Mr. James Crossley of Manchester, in an unlucky moment, persuaded the "Spenser Society" to undertake a kind of fac-simile reprint of his entire Works; and before his lamented death tome on tome had been delivered—good, bad, indifferent and all but rubbish, intermixed. More recently other volumes have been added intermittently. Possibly the whole may be overtaken if the long-suffering patience of the constituents of the Society hold out. The sorrow is that Mr. Crossley furnished a purely mechanical reprint; for he retained every

"jot and tittle" of misprint, mispunctuation, and the manifold blunderings to which productions that were sent forth unseen by and frequently unknown to their Author, were liable.* Still more sorrowful, he has in no manner of way edited or annotated from those rich stores of omnivorous reading that it is to be feared have perished with him. It is profoundly to be regretted that our good friend did not 'select' rather than 'collect' and edit and not simply re-print. No mortal man will to-day re-read the entire Works of George Wither, unless your word-hunter. All the more needful therefore is it, that his "brave translunary things," his true singing, his divine imaginings, his golden phrasing, his exquisiteness should be disentangled from the super-incumbent mass of his scarcely numerable writings. What I mean to do is to bring together all of his spontaneous Poetry—as distinct from his mere counted-on-finger Verse—embracing the whole of his rural or pastoral poems. These will occupy two goodly volumes. Then as a third vol., I shall glean every quick thing found in his after Verse, Satires, and didactic pieces. His genius was so real that even in his hastiest and poorest tractate there are things that one haps on in an open-eyed search, correspondent with your delicate fossil fronds, secreted in million-tonned strata, still holding ineffable touches. These I shall recover and guard. Even in the "Satires" there is Drydenic strength if absence of Drydenic sonorousness. Such a volume of "Gleanings" from his entire Poems, will delight every one capable of being delighted. But my chief idea and ideal is to revive his delightful bucolic poetry; for which, and not "Satire" or moralities and theological-ecclesiastical controversies, he was dowered of God. Few of our Singers were more utterly inspired than George Wither. He is over and over as wooden and commonplace as Wordsworth at his worst; but again and again like Wordsworth, he comes before us with all his singingrobes about him, and with such a note as would be distinguished from a

^{*} Specimens of the egregious result of such Chinese-like fidelity may be here given ad aperturan libri—from Juvenilia, p. 353, "See heere, faire Off spring of the Royall Ste" where "Off spring" makes nonsense and "Ste" a puzzle, whereas "Offspring" and "Stemme" would have made all clear; p. 372, l. 19, God is misprinted with G reversed, thus 9, and so it is reproduced, unintelligently; p. 417,

[&]quot;Bvt You, whose onely worth doth colour giue.
To them," &c.,

where the period (.) arrests sense and syntax; p. 445, "Snng," the self-evident blunder of "n" for "u" being left uncorrected. Every volume literally swarms with such perpetuated oversights of the originals, and at a thousand points information and illustration are looked for—in vain. It is an anachronism to thus reproduce our literature.

thousand mocking-bird poetasters. The very idiocy of much of his prose and the very platitudes of much of his verse, go the more to attest his inspiration when he does 'sing.' He was himself quite aware of what really was his 'gift.' No one has ever put finelier or more joyously, his vocation and sanction. I would let him—the supposed grim old Puritan—vindicate my eulogy, from his simply delicious "Shepheards Hunting," written in Prison:

Philarete.

See'ft thou not in clearest dayes. Oft thicke fogs cloud Heau'ns rayes; And that vapours which doe breath From the earths groffe wombe beneath, Seeme not to vs with blacke steames, To pollute the Sunnes bright beames, And yet vanish into ayre, Leauing it (vnblemisht) faire? So (my Willy) shall it bee With Detractions breath on thee. It shall neuer rife so hie, As to staine thy Poesie. As that Sunne doth oft exhale Vapours from each rotten Vale; Poesie so sometime draines. Groffe conceits from muddy braines; Mifts of Enuy, fogs of spight, Twixt mens judgements and her light: But fo much her power may do, That shee can dissolue them to. If thy Verse doe brauely tower, As shee makes wing, she gets power: Yet the higher she doth fore, Shee's affronted still the more: Till shee to the high'st hath past, Then she rests with same at last, Let nought therefore, thee affright: But make forward in thy flight: For if I could match thy Rime, To the very Starres I'de clime. There begin again, and flye, Till I reach'd Æternity. But (alasse) my Muse is slow: For thy place flee flags too low:

Yea, the more's her haplesse fate, Her short wings were clipt of late. And poore I, her fortune ruing, Am my felfe put vp a muing. But if I my Cage can rid, I'le flye where I neuer did. And though for her fake I'me croft, Though my best hopes I have loft, And knew she would make my trouble Ten times more then ten times double: I should loue and keepe her to, Spight of all the world could doe. For though banish't from my flockes, And confin'd within these rockes, Here I waste away the light, And confume the fullen Night, . She doth for my comfort stay, And keepes many cares away. Though I miffe the flowry Fields, With those sweets the Spring-tyde yeelds, Though I may not fee those Groues, Where the Shepheards chant their Loues. (And the Lasses more excell, Then the fweet voyc'd Philomel) Though of all those pleasures past, Nothing now remaines at last. But Remembrance (poore reliefe) That more makes, then mends my griefe: Shee's my mindes companion still, Maugre Enuies euill will. (Whence she should be driven to, Wer't in mortals power to do.) She doth tell me where to borrow Comfort in the midst of forrow;

Makes the defolatest place To her presence be a grace; And the blackeft discontents To be pleafing ornaments. In my former dayes of bliffe. Her divine skill taught me this, That from euery thing I faw, I could fome invention draw: And raise pleasure to her height, Through the meanest objects fight. By the murmure of a fpring. Or the leaft boughes rufteling. By a Dazie whose leaues spred, Shut when Tytan goes to bed; Or a shady bush or tree, She could more infuse in mee, Then all Natures beauties can, In fome other wifer man. By her helpe I also now, Make this churlish place allow Some things that may fweeten gladnes, In the very gall of fadnes. The dull loannesse, the blacke shade, That these hanging vaults have made. The ftrange Musicke of the waves, Beating on these hollow Caues. This blacke Den which Rocks emboffe

Ouer-growne with eldest Mosse: The rude Portals that give light, More to Terror then Delight. This my Chamber of Neglect, Wall'd about with Difrespect, From all these and this dull ayre, A fit object for Despaire. She hath taught me by her might To draw comfort and delight. Therefore thou best earthly bliffe, I will cherish thee for this. Poesie: thou sweet'st content That e're Heau'n to mortals lent: Though they as a trifle leave thee Whofe dull thoughts cannot conceive thee, Though thou be to them a fcorne, That to nought but earth are borne: Let my life no longer be Then I am in loue with thee. Though our wife ones call thee madnesse Let me neuer taste of gladnesse, If I loue not thy mad'ft fits, More then all their greatest wits. And though fome too feeming holy, Doe account thy raptures folly: Thou dost teach me to contemne. What make Knaues and Fooles of them.

In another vein, here is one proof that even as a Song writer, George Wither can hold his own —

Shall I, wasting in despaire Dye, because a woman's faire? Or make pale my cheeks with care 'Cause another's rosie are?

> Be she fairer than the Day, Or the flowry meads in May, If she thinke not well of me, What care I how fair she be?

Shall my seely heart be pin'd 'Cause I see a woman kind? Or a well-disposèd Nature Joynèd with a lovely feature?

Be she meeker, kinder than Turtle-dove or Pellican: If she be not so to me, What care I how kind she be? Shall a woman's Vertues move Me to perish for her Love? Or her wel deservings knowne Make me quite forget mine own?

Be she with that Goodness blest Which may merit name of best: If she be not such to me, What care I how Good she be?

'Cause her Fortune seems too high Shall I play the fool and die? She that beares a noble mind, If not outward helpes she find,

Thinks what with them he would do, That without them dates her woe. And unlesse that Minde I see, What care I how great she be? Great, or Good, or Kind, or Faire
I will nere the more despaire:
If she love me (this beleeve)
I will Die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woe
I can scorne and let her goe,
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be. (Fidelia, 1615.)

It is not to be wondered at that "Elia" warbled his most felicitous criticism on George Wither as a rural Poet. The three volumes will be packed with such things as these. Summarily I shall give—

- (a) The Shepheard's Pipe written in association with Browne and John Davies of Hereford.
- (b) The Shepheard's Hvnting: being certaine Eglogues written during the time of the Author's imprisonment in the Marshalsey.
- (c) Faire-Virtue the Mistresse of Phil'arete.
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IX.—FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE. I vol. demy 8vo (as before), 10s. 6d.; post 4to (as before), 21s.

Introduction and Notes and Illustrations.

In the Fuller Worthies' Library I was the first to collect and adequately reproduce the complete Works in Verse and Prose of Lord Brooke (4 vols. 1870). I had the inestimable advantage of being entrusted with the entire holograph MSS. of Lord Brooke, in possession of the present Earl of Warwick. Strange to say, after having the MSS. in my possession for nearly two years (for leisurely collation), they had not been returned long until in the destructive fire in Warwick Castle they all perished. So that my edition of the Work is the only memorial of them. I readily concede that whilst (as with George Daniel the Cavalier) it was a sacred duty to reproduce the complete Works of a man so brain-full and in various ways remarkable, it is hardly to be expected that many will master them collectively. More than this, I suspect the quantity causes many to hesitate in tasting of the (high) quality of this most intellectual and

piercing of our Elizabethan-Jacobean poets. Leaving it, consequently, to the athletic student to recur to the complete Works, I believe I shall render a real service to many by compressing into a single volume the enduring of his Poems—including Sonnets and Madrigals, and selections from Plays and Philosophic-poetry 'intermeddling' with deepest problems.

That Lord Brooke was a Poet, these slight specimens will serve to witness, being three Sonnets (so-called) from "Cœlica":—

Fye foolish Earth, thinke you the heauen wants glory,
Because your shadowes doe your selfe benight?
All's darke unto the blind, let them be sorry;
The heauens in themselves are euer bright.
Fye fond Desire, thinke you that Loue wants glory,
Because your shadowes doe yourself benight?
The hopes and feares of lust, may make men sorie,
But Loue still in her selfe finds her delight.
Then Earth stand fast, the skye that you benight
Will turne againe, and so restore your glory;
Desire be steady, hope is your delight,
An orbe wherein no creature can be sorie;
Loue being plac'd above these middle regions,
Where every passion warres itselfe with legions.

Cynthia, whose glories are at full for euer,
Whose beauties draw forth teares, and kindle fires,
Fires which kindled once are quenchèd neuer:
So beyond hope your worth beares up desires.
Why cast you clouds on your sweet-looking eyes?
Are you afraid, they shew me too much pleasure?
Strong Nature decks the grave wherein it lyes:
Excellence can neuer be exprest in measure.
Are you afraid, because my heart adores you,
The world will thinke, I hold Endymion's place?
Hippolytus, sweet Cynthia, kneel'd before you;
Yet did you not come downe to kisse his face.
Angells enjoy the heauens' inward quires:
Starre gazers only multiply desires.

Whereas Man's life, the light of humane lust, In soacket of his earthly lanthhorne burnes, That all his glory unto ashes must:
And generations to corruption turnes, Their fond desires that only feare their end, Doe vainly wish for life, but to amend.

But when this life is from the body fled,
To see itselfe in that eternal glasse,
Where Time doth end, and thoughts accuse the dead,
Where all to come is one with all that was;
Then living men aske how he left his breath,
That while he liuèd neuer thought of death.

This deep-brained muser, the most inward friend of Sir Philip Sidney, the servant of Queen Elizabeth, the thought-laden singer deserves all recognition to-day as when he lived. The variety as well as depth, fineness of touch as well as dainty fancies, it were long to tell.

*** The Editor reserves to himself the right of adding in any case where there may be a demand for a limited additional number. Should the response warrant it, there will be more illustrations, fac-similes, &c., &c.

I add here particulars of the new Spenser and Daniel, and shall be pleased to receive orders for the few remaining copies in post 4to, small quarto, demy 8vo (uniform everyway with the "Cambridge Shakespeare") and post 8vo.

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Appendix to the Life: — A, Entries concerning Spenser from the Burnley Church Register; B, Lancashire Dialect-Words and Phrases from the Works of Spenser — North-East Lancashire Words common to the *Towneley Mysteries* and the *Shepherd's*

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